Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be ſworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phillhorſe haſe on his taile.

Launce. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am ſure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I loſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I haue brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to runne away, ſo I will not reſt till I haue runne ſome ground; my Maiſter's a very Iewe, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maiſter *Baſſanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I ſerue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I ſerue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with a follower or two.*

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob.